What trick, what dream's deceit
Has fooled his fancy so
To scorn of dust and heat!
I. prisoned here below.
Feel the fresh breezes blow;
And see, thro flag and rush,
Cool water sliding slow.—
Sing on,—sing on, O Thrush

Sing on.—sing on, O Thrush?
Sing on. What though thou beat
On that dull bar, thy fee!
So ewhere the green boughs meet
Beyond the roofs a-row;
Somewhere the blue skies show;
Somewhere no black wails crush
Poor hearts with helpless woo.—
Sing on,—sing on, O Thrush! Sing on,-sing on, O Thrush!

Bird, though they come, we know, The empty cage, the hush; Still, ere the brief day go, Sing on,—sing on, O Thrush! Austin Dobson.

A BIT OF PAPER.

*Losthaven.—The Imperial Hotel. Unequalled as a winter resort. Tariff moderate.—I dropped the paper and meditated on the advertisement. Across my fancy there came a sudden whiff of the salt seabreeze, a vision of the wide gray toseing expanse of waters, a sound in my ears of the soft crashing pebbles on the wet brown beach. I had been smothered, poisoned by weeks of London fog. My eyes were tinging, my lungs choked, my ideas muddled. The more I tried to paint the stronger grew the renviction that, unless I let my pictures resolutely alone, I should have nothing fit to send in to the spring exhibitions. I felt bothered, miserable, grimy to the bone.

the spring exhibitions. I felt bothered, miserable, grimy to the bone.

I'll try a week of Losthaven.' I suddenly decided.
Second-class tarif, railway fare included, won't ruin me. I'll make studies of wintry seas and skies if I can find nothing else. I'll start to-day." In ten minutes I had reduced the room to chaos, rummaging out sketch-blocks, brushes, waterproof garments, and a spare suit. In half an hour I had packed and was slowly and painfully wending my way station-ward; cabby waiking invisibly at the horse's head.

We crept out of London by degrees with much whistling and signalling. Black fog enveloped us will we crossed the river, then rows of buildings loomed more and more distinct of outline and paler of tint as they became more scattered, till the brown fields and bare heages had the land to themselves. Then came the sun, red and wintry, hailed as the foca of a friend long missed and waters and the start of the st

loomed more and more distinct of outline and base of tint as they became more scattered, till the brown fields and bare heages had the land to themselves. Then came the sun, red and wintry, hailed as the face of a friend long missed and mourned. A soft blue haze hung about the leafless coppiess. A robin was singing like mad on a onah of green laured in a station-master's garden. I didn't wonder at him. I could have shouted too. It was all so tresh, so life-giving, so clean. Color, light, pure air, and—as evening drew on and dusk was talling—the Sea! I could see it, grey and tossing in the distance, as I stood on the platform. It becomed in my ears as I, so provided the platform of the new Hotel omnibus, was rattled down a bran new road and discharged under the imposing new portice of 'The Imperial.

I had expected to be 'skied' in virtue of my second-class ticket, and was agreeably surprised at my accommedation. It was a little out-lying nock at the end of a carridor, into which opened some of the best suites of private rooms.

I found myself the solitary occupant of the coffection on descending to dinner, though one table was elaborately laid for a large party, and another, closs to mine, for two people. Three or four gentlemen dropped in after me, and I presently became aware by a subdued sound of voices and the fron-fron of skirts, that the occupants of the table behind me were taking their places. I could see one of them distinctly in a long mirror in front of me. A lady who insisted on being young and beautiful, and was undeniably well-dressed. She wore a queer mixture of coral pink cashmere and gray brocade, with clasps and ornaments of oxydized silver and coral. Nothing else about her worth looking at, I decided. 'A blonde—paper-white instead of mikwhite—green shadows instead of warm ones—evelashes too light—wais, too tight—elbows too sharp—nearer thirty than twenty—the gown suggests—trossea."' What is he like, I wonder?

I could only catch at intervals a glimpse of a long white nose above a heavy black

white—green shadows instead of warm ones—evelsahes too light—wais too tight—ellows too sharpers.

Iashes too light—wais too tight—ellows too sharpers.

Trossoan." What is he like, I wonder?

I could only catch at intervals a glimpost of long white nose above a heavy black monstee, turned deferentially to the little wind with the spoke—and she spoke and she spoke and tool, with much spoke—and she spoke and she spoke and tool, with much spoke—and she spoke and she spoke and tool, with much transpose to the spoke—and she spoke and tool also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could also see his right of her china blue eyes. I could have a see her to see helder of her china blue eyes. I could have a see held the could have a see held the could have a see when he held her companion of different parts of her china blue eyes. I could have a see when he held her could have a see when he will be a see held to my row be a high than could have a see when he held had been and first. Loseby? A sa my mental comment, as wearily to held the held had been and first. Loseby and held had held had held to held the held had held to held the held had held to held the held had he

glorious field of the sea sparkling and glancing glorious field of the sea sparkling and glancing right away over to France.

I had worked for an hour or so, before the tall hulking figure of Mr. Claude Loseby passed between me and the sunshine. He walked to the edge of the wall and looked down, as if measuring the depth to which the shingle had been excavated by the waves—some tifteen feet in places—laying bare the masses of stone at the foundation. I objected to him—to his slouch, his shoulders, his coat, his big cigar, everything—more strongly by daylight than gaslight, if possible. However, whom he sauntered up and civilly en ugh asked leave to look at my bketch, I responded amicably.

'Oh, Claude, how exquisite! how truly sweet." interposed a sharp voice, and I beheld Madame in an elaborate serge costume of browns and scarlet at my elbow. Claude cut her raptures uncommonly short, and walked her off toward the older and more frequented part of the parade.

at my elbow. Claude cut her raptures ancommonly short, and walked her of toward the older and more frequented part of the parade.

I saw no more of them until after luncheon, when, warded by a well-known sensation of stiffness and numbness that open air work was of doubtful pradence in February. I established myself in the sunny drawing room window with my easel and paluts, and a breakwater, some weed hung piles, a rusty chain and a stranded boat for company. An empty carriage came round to the door, and I heard Mrs. Loseby's voice in the hall. 'Forgotten your cigarcuse? I'll wait for you in here,' and she entered: a beautiful vision in golden tinted velvet, satin and fur; a marvelious costume that almost warmed up her tepid prettiness into beauty.

She saw my approving glance and kindly gave me a better opportunity of admiring her magnifeence, placing hetself directly in front of me in full sunlight and a well-arranged attitude. I did not feel that she would resent the proceeding for a moment, when I took up a fresh block, dipped a brush in raw mienna, and set to work. Loseby was an unconscionable time finding his cigar-case, and I got a very fair sketch of the lady, face and all. She looked sweetly unconscious during the performance but threw me an arch glance as she passed out. 'Ah. I guessed what you were doing. How very wicked of you; but one forgives overything to genius' she simpered conjectishly.

'Who in the world could she have been?' I wondered, as I put some additional touches to her portarait from memory, and leaving it to dry, resumed

Who in the world could she have been? I wendered, as I put some additional touches to her portrait from memory, and leaving it to dry, resumed my breakwater. An answer came to my question, through the window, in the course of the next few minutes. Two old gentlemen who had been pottering about the Parade had settled themselves and their eigars on a bench beneath me. Yes, she's nad their eigars on a bench beneath me. Yes, she's mad the handling of a tidy lot of mousey from first to last; and now she's got a husband who'll help her to make it fly, if I am not much mistaken. I knew her father once—Weatherhead, of Weatherhead & Watkins, drysalters; and I knew her first husband Tom Perryman. A very decent fellow, Ton; and worth—aye, I might say a quarter of a million, and be under the figure, when he died; and all left to that chit of a Letty Weatherhead. The will was made before the boy was born. It's a scandal, sir, that the law doesn't interfere when a man makes such a fool of himself.'

that the law doesn't interfere when a man makes such a fool of himself.
Old gentleman Number Two didn't seem interested, and the subject dropped.
The afternoon express brought down an omnibus load of 'Saturday to Monday' visitors to the Imperial. The Losebys did not atpear at dinner, rather to my disappointment. I was beginning to feel curiously interested in them, and to spend odd moments in wondering how the marriage had come about; what had become of the little son, and divers other unprofitable speculations. There was a constant bustle of fresh arrivals by every train that ovening, and the drawing-toom was well filled. A professional' on a holiday had taken possession of the piano, and was giving 'reminiscences and imitations' of divers musical stars rather cleverly when dentered, and prominent among his sudience were Mr. and Mrs. Loseby. She was resplendent as usual and his attentions was lover-like. How much of spulne was there in them, I wondered, as I placed

myself in the shadow of a window-curtain unob served by either, though I was near enough tolcatch snatches of their conversation in the pauses of the

music.

'Not very select here? I dare say not; but I am not going to my room just yet. It's not worth dressing just to come down and be hurried up again. I find it too dull to put up with for long.'

he murmured, with a btack scowl.

I lost the rest of his sentence.

'Well, there's the ladies' drawing-room.—You can't object to that. You may bring me my work there,' was her reply.

She handed him her fan, her monsquetaire gloves, her banch of big white violets. He dropped a fillar white wrap carefully round her shoulders, and they

passed from among us.

I had the curresity to look into the ladies' draw-

passed from among us.

I had the curiosity to look into the ladies' drawing-room an hour or two later. It was about as lively as a station waiting-room. Mrs. Loseby sat listless and cross. in a big chair, her hands folded idly on the crewl work in her lap. She looked so chagrined and at odds with life in general, that I was touched, and unwitting of etiquette, entered and made my way, to her.

'I want to show you something, and ask if you are very much offended with me,' I said, producing my little sketch of her.

'Oh, you clever, dreadful creature! I shall never forgive you, never! What a sweet thing you have made of it! was the lady's response. 'But it's too utterly flattering: you have made me look young—actually young and happy.

'And why not!' was the fifting rejoinder. She gave me one of her glances. 'Why, I'm ever so old,' she tittered, 'and happy f ah, no one knows what I have gone through! Riches and rank aren't everything. Mr. Sherratt; and Losthaven isn't exactly the place to get one's spirits up in, either.'

'You find it dull! I' I inquired.

'Well, I suppose, considering the circumstances' (this with a samper!—'that's a shocking thing to say, but I do. I couldn't imagine why Claude brought me to such a dull hole, after Paris, but he heard that his father and sister, that's Lord Rotherwoode and the Honorable Ceciha Saxon, were to be at Boatstown this month. They were all against his marriage, you know, but he says when they see me'—she paused in modest confusion, while I made the appropriate rejoinder and continued: 'They were very rade about my poor dear first husband having made his money in trade. As if it matered: and my paya can never forgive dear Claude having been a little wild and extravagant, like all the aristocracy. Ah, I've a deal to put up with, Mr. Sherratt.'

I was wondering how far her confidences would carry her, when I saw the uppleasant-laced chain!

nerratt. I was wondering how far her confidences would

I was wondering how far her confidences would carry her, when I saw the unpleasant-faced chambermaid pass the door and take a rapid survey of us all in a second's glance.

'There, that's another of my troubles. My maid left for some ridiculous reason, and didn't Claude go and arrange for that woman to attend on me while I'm here! A hateful creature, always prowling about and spying after me,' She looked at my sketch uneasily.

about and spying steed as sketch uneasily.

'I was going to ask your leave to keep it,' I said, evidently much to her relief. 'I shan't show it to anyone till it's finished.

'How I wish Dooly could have seen it,' she said in only a different tone to her usual

evidently much to her relief. 'I shan't show it to anyone till it's finished.'

"How I wish Dooly could have seen it,' she said suddenly, in quite a different tone to her usual affected one. 'He would be pleased. "Pity mamma," he always calls me. I mean Julius, my little son. He is just three years old and such a dear, wee fellow. He lives with my papa, but is to come to us, of course, when we are in our own house. Im his sole guardian. Pour dear Perryman trusted me absolutely, and I say papa has no right to talk of making him a ward in Chancery.'

I was struck by the change for the better in her manner when her child was mentioned. There was a ring of geauine motherly feeling in her sharp voice, and almost an expression of interest in her doll's face. I don't know what instinct made me cat the interview as short as I civilly could. As I made my way down the corrider to my room I caught a glimpse of a hard, white face and a pair of bold black eyes scanning me from the gloom of an open doorway—No. 25. I returned the stare with interest, and the weman vanished.

Next morning. Sunday, there was an imposing muster of the faithful, in tall hats and long coats or gongeous church-going bonnets, as the case might be in the hail of the Imperial. I, conscious of a rough suit and soft telt hat, waited till the worshippers and their prayer-books should have cleared off, before starting on a reckless Sabbath-breaking tramp through the woods. Down the staircase instead Mrs. Loseby with much gleam of satin and clatter of bangles. She stopped half way and looked about, eagerly, I fancied till she spied me. She beckoned me and spoke over the banisters.

'You are not going to church? Will you post this for me?' In a lower tone: 'I dare not trust it to anyone about me.'

I raised my hand to receive the letter, when a longer arm than mine was stretched up from somewhere behind me and her husband's white fincers closed on it.

'My dearest, why trouble Mr. Sherratt'! I must

must have passed her. Ferhaps she got cold sitting so long.'

Certainly no one was in sight on that end of the sea-wall, and we turned back, scanning each dark group carefully as we bassed them. I was footsore, and when we regained the hotel, left Loseby to continue his chase and made for my room. I dawdled over dressing, and it was nearly half an hour later when I heard shouts on the Farade, and what seemed a sudden rush of footsteps with excited voices intermixed. It was too dark to see anything from my window. 'Ah! the water has got over at last,' was my reflection, till the footsteps and voices seemed to draw nearer and nearer. I opened my door. There was some commetion in the hall and on the staircase, and while I looked a little crowd appeared at the end of our corridor, moving slowly and carefully. I saw the manager of the hotel and one of the leading octors of the place, and beyond them, Mr. Loseby's ghastly face. They all stopped in a little cluster at the door of No. 25, and then I saw that two of the hotel serrants were carrying something between them on a matterss. Another doctor and some of the chambermands were following.

'What has happeneu?' I asked the first person I

What has happened?' I asked the first person I met. It was the disagreeable looking chambermand who was hurrying along with a jug of hot water. A lady has fallen over the edge or the wall and

'A lady has fallen over the edge of the wall and brilled herself. The coastguard found her, and brought her home,' she answered curtly.

There was a wet track along the gay new carpet, and up the stairs. It led along the encaustic tiles of the hall to the door, a trail of dripping garments and trampling feet. The coastguard stood on the steps and another man—a workman in Sunday clothes—beside him.

'He saw her first,' said the coastguard, 'and gave me a call. The water was just up to her face as she

"He saw her tirst, said the consignate, and garden me a call. The water was just up to her face as sile lay"—He broke off for Mr. Lossby pressed through the throng of lidlers in the doorway and disappeared within the room. A few minutes later the doctor emerged in close consultation with the

nanager. . Fatal? Not a bit of it! She'll be all right after

"Fatal? Not a bit of it? She'll be all right after a night's sleep. The fail wouldn't kill her. A big stone had got loose and rolled after her, and that stunned her. It she had been left ten minutes or so longer she would have been drowned, I suppose; as it is, beyond some bruses and a possible shock to the nerves, she will be none the worse. You keep that corridor quiet. None of the other rooms are occupied. I hear? Very well. Keep them empty for the present. Pil be round early to-morrow."

The manager interviewed me a little later in the evening and odered me a larger and very much better room in exchange for mine, but I resolutely declined to move. I had begun a sketch from the window and wantel to finish it. He ddn't persist. I found heavy curtains hung over the end of the' corridor and over the room door when I went up that night, and betook myself noiselessly to bed.

I met the dector, with whom I was slightly acquainted, next morning after his visit. 'Dolag very well,' was his reply to my inquiries. 'More frightened than hurt. Her husband seems needlessly fidgety. Talks of having further advice—of course I can't object—but there is no real occasion.'

'These country doctors!' said Loseby, with much contempt, when I, congratulated him on his wife's escape. 'What chances can they have of studying the more complicated cases of nerve disease. It is my wife's mind I fear for; such a shock may unhinge it utterly. She has been terrified out of her senses, and if her father comes down while she is in this state, I declare I believe it will kill her.'

'He is coming 'I asked.'

this state, I declare I believe it will kill her.'

'He is coming?' I asked.'

'Of course—we hope so,' he answered, turning sharply away into the hotel.

The bright weather held out, and I conscientiously made the most of it—spending another day out of doors and returning at dusk. I stole to my room on tip-toe. All was silent in No. 25, but in a few minutes I saw the curtain over the door drawn aside and the maid's face look out. I kept carefully out of sight within my half open door. I don't know why, except that her eyes were so ugly to meet. She came out at last and hurried away rap-

idly. I wanted a light and some dinner, and pre-pared to follow her, when I heard a queer noise in the passage like a knocking with a muffled hammer. Beat! Beat! It was in No. 25. I hurried out. Someone was beating the door panels with the palm of the hand, and a voice—Mrs. Loseby's grown weak and shaky—eas crying inside:
Oh, who is there! Help me! Let me out! Let
me out!

I saw the key was in the lock of the door, but

me out?

I saw the key was in the lock of the door, but hesitated to interfere.

The fraude beating recommenced. 'Is anyone there? Help me! Let me out.'

It is I—Paul Sherratt—Mrs. Loseby. What do you want?' I sake!—as anyone would have done.

'Let me out. Take me away before they kill me 'Here is your maid,' I said hastliy, for I saw the curtains move at the corridor end. She was silent directly, and I stepped back into my rocm. The maid was carrying a lamp in front of her, so could see nothing beyond it. I waited till I heard her enter and lock herself in, and then went down. Loseby was dining. I took a sent near him. He looked paler than ever; his eyes were red and the crooked lines about their corners more strongly accentuated. He didn't seem to get on with his dinner, which on the whole showed proper feeling. Poor fellow—why didn't I pity him? His whole air was that of a man devoured by anxiety and eager for syngathy. Directly I spoke of his wife, he broke out with the story of all his woes and perplexities. How could he leave her in the hands of these benighted country practitioners; and yet at the very name of a London physician she had become so alarmed about herself that she had fallen into the very state of nervous agitation it was most desirable to avoid. If he had only any lady friend at hand to consult. He had implored his sister to come, but she couldn't leave her invalid father. I let him run on, listening and sympathrying with one-half my brain, while the other was deep in pondering over a question of chirognomy, i. e., whether the lines of the hand can be modified by long-continued effort—as resolute persistence in an expression eventually modifies those of the iace. All that I mest objected to in Loseby's face disappeared as he spoke with sad earnestness, but the ominous curve of those cruel, clutching fingers remained unchanged.

He departed early that night, to take his share of the watching, and when I passed the veiled door of

as he spoke with sade armostness, but the ominous curve of those cruel, clutching fingers remained unchanged.

He departed early that night, to take his share of the watching, and when I passed the veiled door of No. 25, all was quiet.

The next day I went out early and came in late, running against the occur on the steps. He didn't stop to speak to me, but the manager informed me that there had been some unpleasantness between him and Mr. Loseby, who was anxious to take his wife away at once. The doctor had objected strongly; had said it was the worst thing they could do.

I saw Loseby in the smoking-room. He was going to Hastings next morning to see about rooms, and meant to arrange for an invalid carriage and to have a doctor in waiting on their arrival. The maid she had at present would accompany them. He took down my address carefully, and noped to see me in town, and then said: Good-by,' as it was unlikely we should meet before his departure.

I looked at the door as I passed that night, but all was silent.

I was getting to 'cel that I had had enough of the place, and to wonder whether it was worth staying till Friday. The next day's sunshine faded at noon, and a cold gray mist blow up from the sea. I harried back to the Imperial, chilly and discontented, and shut myself in my room, determined to mak up as soon as ever the sketch from my window was completed. The place was intensely quiet. I could hear the bleating of the sheep in a distant field, and the voices of the children calling to one another on the shore. When I began to analyze the indistinct numnurs that fell on my ear, I became aware of something that was not the sea or the buzz of voices in the coffee-room—a subdued, monotonous sound, neare, at hand.

I opened my door and listened.

A woman's voice, unmistakably, that rose and fell in a faint, smothered wail. I walked as notsily as I could alown the passage and back, winsting softly.

The waiting ceased suidenly, and then the door was vioiently, desperately shaken.

Let me out! Send for the

Murder? The door is locked, I said, trying it. 'How can 'Ine door is leaved, I said, it had been go from there but to my grave, 'she moaned.
'What can I do tor you?' Tell me quickly,' I said.
'Get me something to write with.'
I ran to my room, selected paper, envelope and a love, this second and a gong back tried to push

'Get me something to write with.'

I ran to my room, selected paper, envelope and a long, thin peacel, and going back tried to push them under the door. If fitted all too well over the heavy Saxony carpet. I got them shrough the key-hole at last. She murmured some eager thanks. 'You must return them in the same way,' I whispered. 'I will watch here and post your letter.'

I walked to the far end of the joorndor, and pushing aside the curtain, kept watch for some ten minutes: at the end of which I saw the pretty, quaint cap worn by all the chambermaids of the hotel surmounting the ugly, lowering black fringe of Mrs. Loreby's maid emerge from below, just in time to stride back to the door, whisper a word of caution, and regain my own den before she entered the passage. When I next ventured out, the key was in the look inside and all was still.

I spent that afternoon hanging about the place, wondering what I ought to do. When, to my relief, I recognized the doctor's neat brougham in waiting at the hotel door, I hurried down and begged a few moments' attention. He listened to all I toid him gravely, but with no surprise.

'It is unfortunately the case that the poor lady's brain has not recovered the shock of that night's terror and exposure. She was allowed to get overexted about something next day, and her husband attributes the distressing consequences to my treatment. I do not attempt to justify myself; I have no occasion to do so; ann, personally, I rejoice that he has declared to put the case into other hands, though on the lady's account I feel grave anxiety as to the censequences of the journey.

I tranked him and returned to my painting, working with my door ajar—awaiting events. None betell. Loseby returned late. I avoided seeing

mg with my door ajar-awaiting events. None cerell. Loseby returned late. I avoided seeing im, and kept out of his way during the bustle of leparture next morning.

I saw Mrs. Loseby's huge basket-trunks being the or the critical seeing lated or the critical seed or the critica

piled on the private omnibus, in which a couch had been arranged for the invalid. Loseby and the maid ran up and down laden with air-cushions, railmaid ran up and down laden with air-cushions, railway wraps and foot warmers, and at the last possible moment, poor Mrs. Loseby appeared, cloaked and veiled, and treading falteringly. They supported her carefully to the carriage. I ventured to approach the door and raise my hat in farewell.

You will find something for you in my room go and get it, she called out suddenly, sitting bolt upright, her eyes shining bright and cager. Loseby, who had turned to speak to the manager, heard her. 'My dearest!' he exclaimed, jumping into the carriage hastily. I saw her cower down in her corner as they drove off.

riage hastily. I saw her cower down in her corner as they drove off.

I ran up to their rooms as fast as I could. No. 24, their sitting room, was empty, with the song I had heard the poor indy sing (could it be only six days ago), lying forzotten on the plane.

No. 25, the bedroom, was in the hands of the chambermaids, who had already stripped the bed and turned the place topsy-turry.

'Have you seen—a note—or a pencilled scrap—lying about anywhere V I inquired.

'No. sir. Nothing of the sort.' I gave a look into the emity grate and the dust-pan, with no result. My pencil lay on the toilet glass. 'Poor lady, she meant that I suppose,' I said, and pocketed it.

Half an hour later, Losthaven and the Imperial lay some twenty miles behind me on the road to Logdon.

lay some twenty miles behind me on the load to Leadon.
That little holiday left an uneasy feeling behind it: and I put away my sketches of the place.
The season began. I found work enough to keep hands and brain profitably employed: nevertheless, day and night my mind would wander to that unfortunate lady, wondering what had become of her. Some power seemed to be urging me to go back to Losthaven to see—or, hear: and there were odd moments when I thought it would prevail. May and June came and went with their sunshine and gayety and dust, and July followed hot and steaming. I want you to take a holiday with me,' said a

ing.

'I want you to take a holiday with me,' said a certain amiable, poetic-souled artist-friend of mine Oscar Schmidt by name, one Friday morning, 'I want you to come to-morrow with me to Losthaven.' Losthaven.' Losthaven.' I exclaimed. 'Why?'

'To see her: My love'—(he said 'loaf,' but I knew what he meant.) Oscar was in the habit or making his remarks as curt and impressive as possible. The love was Pauline Archdale. She and her people were staying at the hotel at Losthaven. I told Schmidt I would be ready. We ware great friends, he and I. I entered Losthaven this time in blazing sunlight, in a crowded omnibus; Schmidt opposite in gorgeous apparel with a glowing seathetic neck-tie and tight yellow kin gloves.

The Imperial was adding a wing to itself, half the size of the original building. My old bedroom had been knocked into a passage, and I was put into No. 252, up in the roof.
Oscar, who had been in a sort of stolid flutter all the way from the station, dragged me out forthwith in search of his love, when we found under the care of a severe mamma on the lawn; half a dozen Loudon acquaintances of theirs and of mine surrounding them We all dined together.

My mind was rall of Oscar and his hopes when we ascended the well-known staircase that night. He held me by the arm, pouring confidences into my sympathizing car as I turred mechanically with him down the carridor which once led to my room—and I can conscientiously avow that no thought of my old experiences crossed my mind for an instant. He came to a sudden stop. 'Ah! what am I about? My room is a floor nearer heaven than this,' We both laughed, but quietly, as it was discreditably late, and slience and slumber reigned around us. We turned to go back, but stepped again as by one impulse.

'Hark! What was that!'

e impulse.
Hark! What was that!

one impulse.

'Hark! What was that!'

I felt my breath catch as I heard distinctly the soft beating of a palm on the panels of the closed duor on my left hand. It was No. 25.

'Some one called you, Paul,' said Schmidt, his eyes wide with astonishment. 'But who!'

We listened again. Nothing. We stood some few minutes without speaking or moving. Still nothing. Schmidt laughed, shrugged his shoulders and moved on; I followed more slowly. As we turned from the corridor on to the staircase landing, I heard it again. Beat. Beat. I ran softly back: it grew louder. The door was shaken frantically, desperately. I laid my hand on the latch and all was instantly still.

Hurryingfoft to my room, with a curt gadien to Schmidt, I sat down to hold a serious inquiry into

the state of my mind and nerves. Deciding that the state of my mind and nerves. Deciding that was over-tired and that sleep would be out of the question, I filled my pipe and went down, intending to walk the Parade as long as my legs would carry me, and perhaps consult a doctor next morning. Opening my perimanteau in search of a favorite cap, there on the top of my possessions tay the old portfolio of Losthaven sketches. How I had come to pack it, I cannot imagine.

The manager—a new one—was in the hall. He looked surprised when I mentioned my intention of walking the Parade till surrise, or perhaps later; but was civil. I asked him if he could tell me who had No. 25 new. He referred politely to his books and said, 'No one.'

but was ciril. I asked him if he could tell me who had No. 25 nc w. He referred politily to his books and said, 'No one.'

'When was it last occupied?' I continued. 'Not since I have been here,' returned he.

'But why not?'

'Pure chance,' replied he sleepily. 'We have never been quite full yet.'

'A sick lady and her husband occupied those rooms when I was nero in February. She had met with an accident. They afterward went away to Hastings.'

"Ay, poor thing, I have heard them talk of it ere, said the manager. "She died very soon."

Ay, poor tiling, here, said the manager. 'She died very soon.'
Died?'
Yes. I think she only lived a day or two.'
Wishing him good-night, I went out to the Parade, mind and brain alike busy.
I say Oscar off to church in the wake of Pauline rade, mind and brain alike busy.

I saw Oacar off to church in the wake of Pauline next day, and then resolutely made my way to the scene of my last night's fancies. All was light and stir in the corridor. A passing chambermaid smilingly produced her master-key and admitted me into No. 25, at my request, and left me there. I drew up the blind and let in the sunshine, and seating myself in a big chintz-covered chair, began quietly to contemplate my surroundings as one states at the familiar shapes around one to gather reassurance after the terrors of a dream. A handsomely furnished room. Plenty of looking-glass, carved wood and Japanese pottery about; evidently one of the grandest rooms the Imperial possessed. I looked at the Indian-patterned chintz, the Empire clock and vases, with a determined interest, and yet all my mind was full, despite myself, of the one dark picture. The helpless victim dying here, inch by inch, under the cruei eyes of her murderers. Bester that he had killed her outright that night, I said, and then started to my feet in consternation at the end to which my vagrant imaginings had led me.

Killed her I what but such a horrible notion into

"Killed her? what put such a horrible notion into my head?" I pulled down the blind and left the room at once.

It was impossible to resist a further experiment

room at once.

It was impossible to resist a further experiment that night. 'Come this way, Schmidt, for a moment,' I said, taking his arm and leading him down that accursed certifor, as we were going up to bed. 'I want to satisfy myself—'

'Paul! What is it? he broke in. 'I heard it again. It says 'Help! Murder!'

I had heard nothing; but, while he spoke, the frantic beating at the door commenced and then the low moaning and wailing.

It sank into silence as we stopped speaking, and we looked at one another in dire amaze.

'I must have that room to-night, whatever it costs,' I declared. Oscar cordially approved the dea, and we sought out the manager and effected the change.

Oscar sat talking with me in the bright July moonlight for some hours, which passed in perfect quietness. I told him the story of my previous visit, and showed him my little sketch of Mrs. Loseby which I tound in the old portfolio. He was prefoundly interested, he averred: but soon his head fell back on the sefa cushion, and he became lost te all outer impressions.

Throwing myself on the bed, I sank into a dream-

prefoundly interested, he averred: but soon his head fell back on the sets cushion, and he became lost te all outer impressions.

Throwing myself on the bed, I sank into a dreamless sleep from which I was awakened by a sound as of some one moving near me. 'Hallo, Schmidt,' I called out. There was no answer. Oscar had got tired of his sofs and retreated to his own room an hour before. 'A dream, I suppose,' I said to myself. But in the same moment I distinctly heard the sound again. Some one seemed to be moving gently, as with bare feet, across the floor.

I struck a match and lighted a candle. Nothing visible except my own uncomfortable form reliected in a mirror over the fireplace. Then I got up, undressed, and went to bed in earnest, leaving two candles slight near me. Sleep again, not so deep as before on account of the lighted room; and again awakened by the soft patter of footsteps; then the rustle of paper and the cautious closing of a drawer. I was sitting up, wide awake, and staring around before the sound ceased. Silence: emptiness; and the quiet morning light filling every corner of the room through the ancu, tained windows.

My night's rest was over now, I got up and dreased, considering the while what I should say to Schmidt. The footsteps all sounded on this side of the room, I thought between the bed and dreasing-table—and then would come the sound, of the drawer closing. The toilet table was an elaborate affair with many drawers large and small. I began to pull them open. They were all neatly lined with fresh white lining paper. I looked into every corner and under the I ning of each, but saw nothing. Then I pulled them quite out. One stuck fast, and on feeling round its edge I found a sheet of crumpled paper that had got between the drawer and its case. I drew it out carefully. It was covered with close pencil writing, quite legible; and I sat down to resu it.

'My Prankset Father.—I was a disobedient child to you and I have been rightly punished. I am dying and I don't care to live except to dis

do not want to live unless to see my little so more. Ask Mr. Paul Sherratt what he knows

do not want to live unless to see my little sou once more. Ask Mr. Paul Sherratt what he knows.

'Your unhappy child,

The lines seemed to have been scrawled hastily, but the signature was clear and firm. The sheet of note paper was the one I had given her, bearing my address embossed in one corner. When Oscar came to me in the morning, I was still pondering over this revelation that held the key to the terrible mystery of that closed door.

After consideration, we agreed that I should draw up an account of the whole shair, including my newious acquaintance with the Losebys, but sup-

After consideration, we agreed that I should draw up an account of the whole affair, including my previous acquaintance with the Losebys, but suppressing all reference to the supernatural; which, with the little water-color portrait, Oscar would take to London and convey to old Mr. Weatherhead—who no doubt would be readily found.

'I shall await news from you here, at Losthaven, Schmidt,' I said. 'I must live my fancies down at any risk. I shall sleep in this room every night till I can do so undisturbed.'

I am writing there at this momet. On my desk lies a letter, which gives me the information that closes all.

lies a letter, which gives me the information that closes all.

The boy Julius is safe. That scoundrel Loseby had actually commenced to take legal proceedings to obtain possession of the child. All that is at an end. He met Schmidt (unsuspiciously) at Mr. Weatherhead's office, and disappeared immediately, that very day, unable to face further inquiry. The boy is safe. Does the poor mother's auxious spirit rest in peace, or have my morbid fancies gradually worn themselves out for lack of encouragement? Whichever it is, my story ends here.

worn themselves out for lack of encouragement? Whichever it is, my story ends here.

My light burns low—a cold waning moon looks in on me; in the distance the great clock of Losthaven Church booms a melancholy 'Two,' and the night and I are alone in the haunted room, Number Twenty-five.—[The Argosy.

WHITTIER'S OPINION OF A "BOILED DIN-NER."

From Harper's Magazine for February.

The old-fashioned New-England beverage, cider, was mentioned, and Mr. Whittier stated that he had once derived much benefit when unwell, "when nothing tasted good," from the use of cider. Huntington suggested that without cider we should not have vinegar. "Well," said Whittier, "vinegar is not of much use, after all." "Except," reviled Huntington and the state of the ington suggested that without eider we should not have vinegar. "Well," said Whither, "vinegar is not of much use, after all." "Except," replied ifuntington, "to eat on cabbage and cucumbers," "Neither of which are fit to be eaten," remarked the poet. "I think it would be a good idea to start a prohibition party on those two articles. As for cabbage, its not hit to be eaten; if you cook it in the house, you have got to burn your house down afterward to get rid of the smell; it is certainly the most diabolical smell that was ever invented"; and Whittier, who was sitting near the open stove grate, upon the top of which he had deposited his tall hat, folded his hands and langhed a hearty silent laugh. "What do you think of onions, Mr. Whittier?" asked I, "Well," he replied, "ontons are not quite so bad, for you can get rid of the smell of those in three or four days." "Then," said Huntington, "you would not approve of the cld-fashioned 'boiled dinner?'" "No. I think that is a detestable dish. I remember that my father used to have it, in which cabbage, onlots, beets, potatoes, turnips and carrots were all boiled up together, and turned out into a great dish all in a heap, with a greasy piece of meat in the middle. Think that is the reason why the present generation is not so strong as the former. It is owing to the way the parents lived, eating so much pork and potatoes. Our inst war showed that. The farmers were rept nearly so strong as the men recruited in the cities—Portland, Portsmouth, and Beston." "But the people in the cities do not have the free air we get in the country," said Hunting-ton. "I know that," replied Whittier; "but they live better, and that makes a great difference."

IN THE TRUE SPIRIT OF THE GOSPEL.

From The London Echo.

The Badische Tayblatt gives a glowing account of a children's festival which was held on christmas Day at Rheinfelden, in Aargau, the picturesque and medieval-looking oid town on the Rhine to which so many strangers resort in summer and autumn for its famous sait baths. The Old Catholic priest, Pfarrer Schroter, and the evangelical pastor, Pfarrer Simons, agreed to celebrate "a non-confessional or, as we should sy, a non-denominational Christmas Evening." On the evening of the great festival of peace and goodwill, the stately parish church was brilliantly lighted, and all the children of the parish, to whatever church they belonged, were invited to take part in a common and

united "Christbaumfeier," or Christmas-tree celebra-ion. It was feared at first that the Roman Catholic priest might hesitate to allow the Roman Catholic priest might hesitate to allow the Roman Catholic children to join in a common Christmas rejoicing with Old Catholics and Protestants, especially in a church. The fear, however, proved to be groundless, and Pfarrer Wildi, the Roman Catholic priest, said that he thought such a celebration to be peculiarly suited to the time. There remained, however, a more delicate and difficult question with regard to the children of a fourth religious body, the Jews. It was feared that the Jewish parents might regard the invitation of their children as a covert insult to their religion, or even as an indirect attempt to convert them. The two pastors, however, recollecting that the Master whose birth they were celebrating was Himself a Jew. determined to offer their friendly hospitality in His name to His kindred after the flesh. They went boldly to work, and were rewarded by finding that every Jewish parent accepted the kindiy invitation. Probably no such scene was witnessed in any other church in Christendom last Christmas Day evening. The children of Roman Catholics, Old Catholics, Protestants and Jews, as the fellow members of one and the same civil community, all net and rejoiced together in celebration of the birth of Christ. The assembled children and their parents were addressed in turn by the Old Catholic priest and the evangelical pastor, who explained the significance of Christmas Day, with a very parents were addressed in turn by the Old Catholic priest and the evangelical pastor, who explained the significance of Christmas Day, with a very happy avoidance of every controversial topic. The journalist who has reported the scene observes, at the close of his description, that it struck him as an altogether unique illustration of the saying of Jesus, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd."

THURLOW WEED'S CHARITY.

THURLOW WEED'S CHARITY.

From Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for February.
Concerning Thurlow Weed, the Warwick of Amer.
ican polities the world has long had intimate knowl,
edge, but Thurlow Weed, the practical philanthro
phist, was comparatively unknown even to his most
intimate associates. Whatever may have been true
of his earlier and more active days, when he was
the power behind the throae, and one of the most
potent of all agencies in public affairs, it is certain
that the last two decades of his life were crowded
with kindly deeds. His home in West Twelfth-st.,
New-York city, was the resort of the stricken in
purse and spirit, no less than the Meeca of aspiring
politicians. Years ago—and for years—there was a
sight to be witnessed every Saturday afternoon in
front of that Twelfth-st. home not to be seen
anywhere else in New-York. It was a score or so
of little girls, ali of cleanly apparance, but all giving evidence of poverty in their dress, who were
weekly applicants for his bounty, and no one of
whom ever went away from his door empty-handed.
Once when a committee of one called at his house
on a Saturday afternoon with a carriage, to request
his attendance at the first recention of the NewYork Press Club, a throng of these little ones were
before his door Mr. Weed expressed the pleasure it
would give him to meet the working journalists of
the city, or, as he expressed it, * the boys in the harness"; but, he added "you must wait until I feed
my chickens." After the children had been loaded
with his gifts, he proceeded to the rooms of the
Press Club, where, by-the-way, he gave some good
advice to those who were only entering upon the
road he had traversed to its end, the frankly admitted that day, as he always did in his declining
years, the the haveages had heen wrought in
journalism since he was an active member of the
profession. No man knew better than he in his years, it e great changes which had been wrought in journalism since he sas an active member of the protession. No man knew better than he in his later years that the newspaper had become the ve-nicle of information rather than of opinions. As he once tensely put it, "The world don't care what an editor thinks about a fact, but it does care a great deal for the fact itself."

Yet there was never a more omnivorous reader of

Yet there was never a more eminyorous reader of newspapers, although latterly be used the eyes of another instead of his own, and usually those of the daughter who devoted her life to him. It was not only political news that claimed and obtained his attention, but all the record of events, great and small, that combine to make up the daily journal. This fact and the benevolence of his character came to the knowledge of a reporter for a daily some in a negurity way some years ago. journal. This fact and the benevolence of his character came to the knowledge of a reporter for a daily paper in a peculiar way some years ago. The reporter had been detailed to a case of distress which had been reported to the office. In the performance of this duty he encountered one of those pictures of misery which can only be seen in a great city of startling contrasts the New York. It was a bitterly cold night in the latter part of November, and in a room on the top floor of an east-side tenment-house, in which there was neither fire nor food and no furniture save two remnants of chairs, a woman was found with two little children. The next morning a description of the scene was given in the newspaper, together with a short statement of the cause of her misfertimes. That afternoon a second call was made for the purpose of giving her a small amount which some churitable person had sent to the office for her relief, and she was then found in comparative comfort. A stove had made its appearance, there was a supply of coal, the closet had been filled with provisions, and mother and children had been provided with stout shoes and warm stockings. The woman gave a description of her benefactor so full and correct that the reporter had no difficulty in recognizing Mr. Weed. When that afternoon inquiry was made of him as to the fact, Mr. Weed admitted that he had "helped the woman a fittle," but exacted a promise that no mention should be made in the newspapers of the circumstance; nor has the incident ever been published until now. This case has not been mentioned in such detail because it was at all an anomaly in the life of the veteran journalist, but rather as typical of the man in that aspect of which the world knows so little.

stought over to the saloon that there was to be a corse-race between the Indians and half-breeds on he other side of the Elbow. There was a general tampede for the footbridge, and I made my way ever in company with a cowboy, whom I know only as "Shorty." As we were crossing the stream e handed me a bandful of nuts and remarked that he was taking a pocketful over to "his girl."

"Where did you get a girl?" I asked.

"I bought her over here at Blackfoot camp last night."

What did you give for her?" "What did you give for her?"
Thirty-live dollars. Oh, here she is," he added, as a little six-year old Blackfoot girl came capering down the bank to meet him and take possession of the nuts. The little one nad on a new dress, warm stockings, new shoes and a little black blanket, all of which had evidently come out of

warm stockings, hew shoes and a room out of the store within the last twenty-four hours.

After loading her with the nuts, Shorty allowed her to start back toward the lodge; but, thinking her blanket did not it close enough, he called her back, and, taking oil the empty cartridge belt which held his own overcoat together, he belted her little blanket singly around her waist, and then sent her oil, the happiest youngster in the Blackfoot camp.

"What will you do with her?" I asked.

"Her mother is to keep her till I go back to sontans, and then I'll take her down home and give her to the oid woman this mother), and then," he added very seriously, "she's a nice, isnocent little girl now, but if she stays here she'll starve till she glows up and then go to the bad. I'll take her home, and mother'll make a woman of her."

MY INTRODUCTION TO THE PRESS. From The St. James's Gaze (te.

From The St. James's Gazette.

I was one of those who suftered most severely from the decression of trade in the cast of London which followed the close of the American Civil War. Like many another, I clung to my home for a weary while in the hope of better times. They came in due course, but too late for me. They were so long in coming that I could hold out no longer. So, borrowing half a crown from one tradesman, half a crown from another and a shilling from a third, I went up to the City to seek my fortune; three or four volumes and the clothes in which I stood being my only possessions, save and except my precious six shillings.

Something had to be done at once—but what? I bought a daily newspaper and turned to its advertising columns for an answer, and found none. Then in a listless, hopeless way I turned to the literary contents of the paper; and then with more interest to the leading articles, for I had always been a keen politician. I was deep in one of these articles when, under a sudden impulse, I flung the paper away, asking myssif what such matters were to me at such a time. Then a new thought flashed into my mind. "Yes," said I, taking up the paper away, asking myssif what such matters were to me at such a time. Then a new thought flashed into my mind. "Yes," said I, taking up the paper amain, "I can do this work Suppose I try. What else can I do that can be done at once? I'll try." Herrying off to a certain great warehouse at London Wall, I bought a pound of paper for eightpenes and provided myself with pen and ink. I had then something less than five shillings left; and with three shillings. I secured a lodging for a week in a dismal house where many rough and rude and unfortunate creatures were crowded, but where I was at liberty to write all day long. Now I set to work; and having some knowledge in my desponding pate, I sent papers on a variety of subjects in different directions, saving possage as often as I could by delivering my pareels myself. I had about eighteenpence left when I began; a

placed there by some poor tramp or other to sheat the search of a workhouse potter. And perhapt the poor fellow, having pet off his clothes in the casual ward, had never been able to put them on again. Then they had become the perquisites of the porter, who sold them to the dealer, from whose possosion they had come into mine. At any rate, that was the history I made for the half crown. The days went on, and my literary ventures grew more and more hopeless. I do believe that as many as half a score papers were returned to me, "doclined with thanks"; as many more being contemptionsly dropped into the oblivion of the waste-paper basket. But still I tried and tried again, "pinching" desperately to eke out my tew poor shillings and suffering in other ways beside.

I have said there were a good many in the house with me—a rough and reckless set for the most part—and "dolumning" was the fashion among them. I had no chums. I conidn't chum. Besides, chumming in that house could not be indulged in without drinking, and for that I had neither money mos inclination; therefore I was subjected to much annoyance. My papers were blotched, my ink carried away, and a hundred other vexing tricks were played. All this I patiently endured, until one evening one of my tormentors more brutal than the rest struck my hat down over my eyes. And that was fortunate for me; for this outtage was generally thought to be much too bad. If brought me friends. My papers were collected, my ink that had been upset was renewed, my pens that had been excatered were replaced; and I was allowed the best corner of a quiet table, where I was never molested during the rest of my stay in the house.

The week wore through. I had no money for longing; but an exception was made in the rules of the house in my favor. The custom was to pay lodging money in advance. It was intimated to me, bewever, that I might temain a few days longer without paying, "just to sea what might ismung," inst to sea what might hard pending the house in the feel of the second I had

forthwith on the editor of a distinguished evening newspaper.

One of my papers had been successful. It was even then in print, as I saw with my own eyes when I called on my editor; and the sight was delightful beyond expression. I was paid at once for my contribution—the first of many; and the next was printed as a leading article, and was much communded. Thus it was that I began as an author; and I question whether anyone now living could tell a like story.

Perhaps the editor of The St. James's Gazette will allow me to say, in conclusion, that no one knows better than himself the accuracy of my statements.

RONDEAU.

Pipe of my Soul, our perfumed reverie,
A unid-eyed and mysterious cestaev,
In purple whorls and delicate spires ascending,
Like hope materialized, inquiringly
Toward the unknown Infinite is wending.

Toward the unknown Infinite is wending.
The master-secret of mortality,
The viewless line this visible like subtending,
Whitom so dim, grows atmost plain to me,
Pipe of my Soul!
And as the angels come the demons flee.
The artist-influence beautifully blending
The light that is, the dark that may not be,
The great Perhaps above all things impending
Melts large and luminous into thine and thee,
Pipe of my Soul!

THE SCHUYLER MANSION AT ALBANY.

dressed, considering the with what a state and selection of the room. I thought between the bed and dressing the would come the sound, of the ferome and then would come the sound, of the ferome and then would come the sound, of the sound come the sound of the sound come the sound of the sound come to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them open. They were all neatly lined to pull them opin. Then I neatly lined to pull the line out. One stuck fast, and on feeling round its edge it out to dilined had been filled with provisions, and make its aspect and the close that been filled with provisions, and the close that been filled with provisions, and the close that been filled with provisions, and the close the subject of the subject that a support the subject that a support the subject that the close that been filled with provisions, and the close that line and the window and in a loud voice called out: "Con my brave fellows, surround the house and s the villains who are plundering me." The man the villains who are plundering me. The marauders made a precipitate retreat, carrying away large quantities of the plate-and the three guards who were in the house with them. They made their way to Ballston by daylight, and with their booty returned to Canada. General Schuyler always believed that his little piece of strategy saved his life.

way to Ballston by daylight, and with their booty returned to Canada. General Schuyler always believed that his little piece of strategy saved his life.

The old mansion was built in 1760 by Mrs. Schuyler, during the absence of General Schuyler in England. It is of brick, sixty feet front by forty-live feet deep, is two stories with basement in height, surmounted by dormer windows and a balustrade extending around the entire roof, and has a closed octagonal porch or vestibule in front. It faces the east and is located on an elevated plot of ground, about twenty-five reet above the level of the street. In front is an old brown stone stooy with qualint iron railings and brass ornaments. The hall is wide and on either side are spacious rooms, the principal ones being 20x25 feet square, and 12 feet in height. In the rear on the left is the private room of General Schuyler, which is connected with a retiring room. The woodwork remains as it was pull in when the house was erected. Panelled wainscoting of unique design extend, on all sides of the rooms and halls; and also panelled woodwork is piaced over the principal doors and covers chimney breasts over the mantelpieces. Cornices of wood elaborately finished surround the ceilings. In the dining room are shelves supported by beautifully carved brackets, which were probably imported from England. The grand staircase, from the man saloon to the second story, is a marvet of beauty. The bainsters are exquisitely carved, surmounted by an elegant mahogany rail. On the upper side of the rail, about eighten inches from the newel at the foot of the staircase, is an indention of about two inches in length. This is the mark of the tomalawk hurled at the head of the uniant being protected by her sister, the third daughter of the General, from a savage monster, on the occasion already described. The rooms on the second floor are similar to those of the first floor. These rooms were occupied by Washington, Burgoyae and other celebrities, who were guests at this hospitable home.

T

Two notable marriages took place under its historic ratters, that of Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the United States Treasury, to Elizabeth Schuyler, second daughter of the General, on December 14, 1780, and that of the widow of Ezekiel C. McIntosr to ex-President Fillmore, some years later. During the Revolutionary period many distinguished guests were handsomely entertained within its walls, among whom were Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll, who visited here in April, 1776, while en route to Canada to endeavor to persuade the Canadians to enter the union of colonies and to organize a 16-publican form of government. During 1777 Horatio Gates, Curzoyne and Riedesel were here entertained. Off and on many times, General Lafayette was hospitably received, as were also Baron Steuben, Aaron Burr, Count de Rochambean and many others of note. Two notable marriages took place under its his-

HE COULD NOT REMEMBER.

Yesterday forenoon a man who wanted to see the occupant of an office on Woodward ave, climbed four pairs of stairs to discover that the person was out and the door looked. He had descended to the street again when an acquaintance asked: "Been up to see Blank?" "Yes." "Was he m?" "No." "Blank is a very particular sort of a man, and I hope you shut the door." "I-I-hanged if I haven't forgotten whether I did er not." And he had climbed uo again to the head of the third flight before he felt anything strike him.